THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VII.] *New-York....Saturday, July* 30....1808. [NO. 14.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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ADVENTURES OF DOLIGNY.

From the French.

(Continued from P. 198.*)*

JACQUELINE was equally prepossessed in favour of the stranger : his ardent regards pleased, while they embarrassed her ; and she could not conceal her agitation when he requested permission to repeat his visit. This, however, propriety compelled Jacqueline to refuse ; alledging that, to avoid scandal, they lived wholly retired, wishing to be unknown and unnoticed. Verdure, however, urged his request too anxiously, to admit of a determined refusal, without their incurring the imputation of ingratitude ; and used his privilege with so much discretion, that Slander, with her hundred tongues, had not a word to say. During this agreeable intimacy, the circumspect behaviour of Jacqueline increased the esteem of Verdure. He was not so blind, but that he could perceive he was not beheld with indifference ; and Jacqueline he found too virtuous, too amiable, to admit of his forming one licentious thought. To marry her was his determination : for the idea of a separation was torture to him ; but how was this to be done, without overthrowing all his long-cherished hopes ? Jacqueline, he well knew, would not quit her mother. The old woman could not be removed ; and he shuddered at the thought of exposing such a young and beautiful creature to the observation of his military associates. This suspense was terminated by the sweet smiles of Jacqueline, when they next met. He made an immediate declaration of his sentiments and wishes. The timid girl heard his professions with unconcealed pleasure ; yet, with the utmost generosity of disposition, reminded him of her indignant and obscure station ; begging him to think no more of one so much beneath him ; one who could scarcely hope to afford him happiness equal to what his known merits might entitle him to expect. Verdure laughed at her scruples, and assured her he was nothing more than a perfumer's son, and entirely her equal ; adding such soft persuasion, as the fond Jacqueline found to be irresistible.

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Doligny having succeeded in obtaining the consent of his dear Jacqueline, returned to his quarters in high spirits, and presented his recruits to his captain, who highly commended the zeal and dexterity with which he had acquitted himself, and offered him a very handsome sum, in reward of his services; but our hero would not listen to any offer of the kind, till at length, urged by the repeated intreaties of the commanding officers, he had the temerity to declare, that his discharge was the only reward he coveted; intimating that, with the money they wished to bestow on him, they might procure three soldiers, equally capable of serving their country. The captain was not so easily to be persuaded: he knew the value of him; he had already proved, and was unwilling to lose, one of tried integrity; but, being a liberal-minded man, and finding Doligny persisted in his request, he at length granted him his wish, and the delighted lover flew to his Jacqueline, who soon confirmed his happiness at the altar.

This marriage put Jacqueline and her mother rather more at their ease. Doligny established a writing school, and succeeded admirably; while his industrious family persisted in continuing their efforts to contribute to the stock, much against the will of the generous-minded Doligny; and the brother of Jacqueline soon after obtained a lucrative situation, which obliged him to visit England. Doligny, though he had taken the precaution of marrying in his proper name, had never mentioned to his wife his former prospects, nor did she form an idea of his being other than what he pretended, till a whimsical occurrence revealed the truth, and produced many unpleasant consequences. One evening, when walking together in a public promenade, an elderly gentleman noticed them some time with particular scrutiny: at last, approaching them, he addressed Doligny:

"I know you too well," said he, smiling, "to be in fear of a mistake; therefore I take the liberty of saluting you and this fair lady." Doligny, who did not at the instant recollect the old man's features, regarded him with an air of astonishment, saying, "You are certainly in an error, Sir; I am a stranger to you." "Ah! what,' cried the other, hastily, "is it possible, Monsieur Marquis, that you have forgotten Tibert, your father's particular friend?" Doligny, surprised and vexed at this unexpected detection in the presence of his wife, determined to affect ignorance and rejoined, abruptly, "Your recollection must deceive you, Sir, or you are pleased to be merry at my expense; but I am neither a Marquis, nor in a humour to enjoy the joke: I therefore repeat that you know me not. Be so obliging, I intreat you, sir, as to indulge in your reveries elsewhere." With

these words, Doligny turned on his heel, and joined a crowd, among whom he lost sight of the troublesome Tibert; and during the remainder of their walk, his peevishness and chagrin was so evident, as to attract the notice of Madame Doligny; to satisfy whose curious enquiries, he asserted, in a peevish tone, that the man was certainly deranged, and most likely intended to do her some mischief. The artless Jacqueline readily believed this tale, and her enquiries ceased. Tibert, however, who was by profession a lawyer, was not without some suspicion of the truth: the unassuming manners of Jacqueline convinced him she was not a woman of fashion, and the respectful attention of Doligny assured him that she must be his wife. He well knew that the marriage must have been contracted without the consent of the old Marquis, consequently not valid, as Doligny was not then of age. Tibert had too good an eye to his own interest, to let these particulars escape him: he accordingly watched the footsteps of the retreating pair, and entered their humble habitation soon after Doligny had, in compliance with the intreaty of his wife, retired to rest. Madame Doligny, terrified at his unexpected appearance, was too fearful of irritating him to call her husband; she therefore affected composure, and tremblingly awaited his first address, Perceiving her agitation, and assuming an air of complacency, he said, "Do not be alarmed by my untimely intrusion, young woman; I wish only to ask you a few questions, your candid answers to which, will greatly oblige me. In the first place, be kind enough to inform me what sort of connexion subsists between you and the Marquis Doligny, and how long you have lived together?" Jacqueline, a little more tranquil, seeing that he was not so violent as she at first apprehended, answered, very cooly, that she did not understand his meaning, in putting such questions to her. "You do not understand me!" cried he, with a tone of authority, which made her fear his frantic fit was coming on. "Ah! well, I see how it is: you are one of those vile wretches who have seduced a young gentleman of family, from his friends, and helped to involve him in ruin and shame," Jacqueline, half dead with terror, was incapable of making any reply. The appearance of Tibert was not exactly that of a maniac, and a sudden idea started into her imagination, that there must be some reason for his strange behaviour. Mustering all her resolution, she at length ventured to address him: "Insulting as your language is, sir, I will not resent it, in the hope that it originates in a mistake. By what unaccountable caprice do you style my husband Marquis Doligny, who is nothing better than a poor schoolmaster, and the son of a perfumer, who was a private in a marching regiment, from which he obtained his discharge a twelvemonth ago,

to be united to me? Why will you sport with our wretchedness, or cast obloquy on an innocent, unoffending woman? I have hitherto supported an unblemished reputation in this city; whence, then, could you fabricate this scandalous tale?'

(To be Concluded next week.)

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

SIR,

Though I am well aware that the following will not be very amusing to your readers, I must request you to insert a few words in reply to a very lengthy and learned critique, which appeared in your last number, on the essay of Gulielmus. Had it been published under the signature of some one particular censor, I might, perhaps, have passed it by in silence, but when these "*Heroes of Literature*" speak of themselves in the plural number, and prelude their remarks by giving us an idea of their own "*Chaste taste, lustre, and reputation,*" an humble author like myself, when fortunate enough to attract their observation, *must* immediately sink under the consciousness of his insignificance, and pay due homage to the superior and infallible sentiments and language of these gentlemen. "Authors have always been noted for [illegible]ch of irritable constitution, [illegible]e been apt to suspect their [illegible]ther of captiousness, or of malevolence.' On the other hand, critics always, or generally suppose that when an author undertakes his own defence (even if he attempt it in the most humble manner) it is in consequence of his being possessed of that irritability which they speak of.

I have now, therefore, to request that your correspondent will be sufficiently candid to receive any thing I may say in my own justification, not as the ebullitions of my vanity, or irritability as an author, nor as the expressions of my contempt of his critical abilities, but as the humble defence of an innocent culprit, who did not pen his essay with a view of astonishing or edifying so learned a gentleman, but merely for self-gratification, in a leisure afternoon, and who afterwards requested its publication on the *sole* supposition, that the production might *possibly* be of some moral advantage to a portion of your readers. I feel myself much raised in my own estimation, by the learned gentleman's flattering assurances that my production "enriched the columns" of the Miscellany, that—"we think entitles the writer to wear a cocked hat, and *a pair* of silver knee buckles," and that it is remote from impossibility by some several degrees, that its author should ere long attain a high altitude of literary excellence, but I blame myself exceedingly, for having been the innocent cause of such an "*unreasonable*" waste of paper, which

I will immediately make good to the gentleman, in consideration of the edification I have received from his production, if he will but condescend to inform me through your office, to what address I can forward him a ream of hot-pressed post; the overplus of which, (after he has reserved to himself the quantum wasted) *may* assist in the *illustration* of some future allegory. I shall now follow Mr. Critic in his remarks. Firstly.—My intention was to convey the idea, that *all* who came into the garden, were in search of *happiness*, but that *some*, who fancied worldly *pleasure* was happiness, supposed that that bubble [pleasure] would come to them without further trouble or anxiety on their part. The obscurity of my language in this sentence, I will allow as an excuse for misunderstanding the passage, but I still hope and believe that my sentiments on that part of the subject were correct. Secondly.—It was only while I was untutored by *Religion*, that I supposed all the paths led to the same object. I was *afterwards* informed that the intricate paths of virtue were the *only* roads in that garden leading to *happiness*.

Thirdly.—In omitting to represent *happiness* under some corporeal or material shape, I acknowledge an error—but it will be an easy matter for the generality of of readers to suppose a *temple* of happiness, which we might have been *informed* was at the further end of the garden, if we could have *supposed* it possible or probable that any person who had once gained that desirable object, would have obliged us so far as to return from thence, for the express purpose of *informing* us. But as no such circumstance occurred in my dream, I must beg to be excused for this (I trust) trifling infringement of the essential rules of allegory.—Lastly.—With regard to what I should further have dreamt, or supposed, I conceive that all the circumstances my censor has suggested, of incumbrances in the intricate paths, the conquering of opposition, and the disentangling of perplexity, &c. &c. are such hackneyed and borrowed (though proper) appendages to an allegory, on a subject which has been already set forth in many different points of view, that I supposed they might be omitted, if they were only glanced at with precision and accuracy. I am sorry that I did not succeed in this to the gentleman's satisfaction, and my only hopes of being forgiven, rest on this my last assurance, that I intend taking his advice, and as it will take me some time to *equal* him in *wisdom*, I will not till then exercise myself but in *very short* compositions not exceeding *many* lines.

Mr. Editor, you cannot conceive with what impatience I look forward for the "*incredible matter*," we are to have shortly from these *infallibles*. Your subscriber,

July 26. GULIELMUS.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

(Review of Gulielmus, concluded)

HAVING spent so much time and wisdom in our criticism on the former part of Gulielmus, we shall dispatch the remainder of his production in as few words as can be expected, from a man of great natural verbosity. Religion informs our patient, that after he had imbibed her celestial monitions, and became conscious of his insignificance, she would conduct him to a part of the Island, on which he was shipwrecked, where the felicities of life were luxuriously abundant, and meanwhile left her two daughters, *Reproof*, and Consolation, for his instruction. Before he could recover from the emotions of delight hereby occasioned, *Reproof* proceeds to address him with an amiable meekness of manner: she laments the indiscreet and haughty application of her function in the world, reprehends his unadvised embarkation in the pleasure boat, and admonishes him hereafter to avoid the fascinating enticements of earthly temptation.

The river, which may represent the world, with its hosts of corruption, is called on the one side *the waters of intemperance*, and on the other *the current of adversity*. Intemperance of every kind conducts to adversity; it violates the settled order established by nature's God, which order being the joint production of infinite goodness, and infinite wisdom, any violation of it, must therefore be necessarily destructive to the offender. Intoxicated mariners are made emblems of passions. On the propriety of this personification, I shall not dwell; which, together with some adjoining matter is very susceptible of amendment, and would afford to some critics a fine opportunity of displaying their rhetoric. *Reproof* informs Gulielmus that he should have followed those good men in the garden, who were toiling through the intricate and winding paths, admonishes him to let his former errors teach him to shun the broad ways of indolence and vice, which impresses him with a solemn conviction of his guilt. The other daughter (Miss Consolation) comforts him with the information of there being a road to happiness through the desart island, which her mother and sister would shew him, and which led through the *valley of repentance*; but after crossing *the waters of reformation*, it led to the same road which the intricate paths in the garden of prosperity conducted. So saying, she took him by the arm, which so agitated his frame with delight, that he awoke, and found himself in bed, and the servant standing by him, who came to call him to breakfast. The drift of this is so evident, natural, and just, as to preclude the necessity of learned annotation, or volumnous commentary; but one general infelicity we shall specify—the road, and the valley, and the waters, and the junction with the other road, should

have been described in the same manner as a traveller would have described objects over which he had passed. Let us be indulged with a little enlargement on our author's meaning. Reproof, when properly administered, is admirably potent in convincing hapless mortals of the error of their ways; in making the thoughtless pause, and the profligate ashamed; in reclaiming the wandering, and establishing the unsettled—she is, therefore, an excellent minister of religion. When reviewing the course of his life, man discovers his innumerable offences—when he reflects that he has requited the rich bounties of heaven with base ingratitude—that he has opposed, with long-continued rebellion, the celestial light of conscience, and now overwhelmed with consciousness of guilt, becomes sensible of impotence, as well as of depravity, he certainly stands in need of consolation—she is another indispensible minister of religion. How precious are her words, when she says to the misguided and wearied pilgrim, "Be comforted, for there is yet a road to happiness through this desart Island." It lies through "the valley of repentance." When thoughtless idleness, or vicious excess has reduced us to wretchedness, we must not seek felicity by a repetition of crime—we must not endeavour to inter the memory of our misfortunes amidst the turbulence and revelry of the licentious crowd, or amidst the delirium of bacchannalian joys—we must cherish self-reprobation, endeavour to become acquainted with the whole extent of our ill-desert, and sincerely resolve upon a universal relinquishment of those courses which have conducted us to the borders of that night wherein, to use the awful language of inspiration, "no man worketh." "The path is rugged." When the traveller refrains from wayward excursions, passes unseduced through the fragrance and flowers, and shady groves, which invite him to slumber, when he does not suffer himself to enjoy the fruit, which, though luscious to the taste, conceals deliterious poison, but presses on with ardour to the place of his destination, he shall be rewarded with safe arrival, and raptures of delight similar to those which attend a retrospect of life spent in undeviating constancy to virtue, amidst the opposition of enemies, the desertion of friends, the ridicule of scorn, and the fascinations and hostility of a delusive and unfeeling world. He who crosses the waters of reformation, deserves the praise of God-like heroism, but O! pilgrim, thou art not yet safe, neither will thou be, till the end of thy terrestrial sojourning. Though thou art now in the right road, there are yet temptations from within and from without—thou mayest languish under thy confinement, and under a great variety of sufferings incident to thy peculiar situation, (although it is, beyond comparison, the happiest in the world) thou mayest be enticed

by the fruit which every where abounds in the neighbouring regions by the sophistical persuasions of thy fellow-beings, who are yet insensible of the wretched end of their infatuated course, by the desire of being relieved from the burden under which thou now labourest. O, Pilgrim! be not deluded. Be for ever clad in thine armour, and be of spirited heart, for around thee is a gloomy, howling wilderness, where the Cormorant, and Bittern, and the birds of night, do dwell; where the wild beasts utter their dismal roar, and seek to devour thee. We could mention a variety of other particulars, wherein Gulielmus deviates from the strict rules of allegorical composition; but fear that we have already appeared prolix to some, and to others, petulant.

M. A.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

FEMALE HEROISM.

Epicharis, an enfranchised female slave, who, during a dark and disgraceful period of the Roman empire, discovered a firmness and intrepidity not unworthy of the Scipios. Irritated to enthusiasm by the unnatural enormities of Nero, who has been damned to everlasting infamy by the first of historians, she joined in, and by her zeal powerfully forwarded a conspiracy against that imperial savage; but was disgusted by the tardiness, or prudent precaution of the principal leaders, among whom the author of Pharsalia, and the first men of their age was found: this delay, which probably originated from a wish to ensure success by well-concerted measures, did not suit the strong feelings of one, who, aspiring to the merit of a free woman, as she planned with boldness, was for executing with rapidity.

From the temerity of Epicharis, or from a want of energy in her associates, their designs were suspected, and she was fixed on by the Brute in Purple, as one who, from the general weakness of her sex, might be prevailed on by promises or threats, to name the parties concerned, and discover the particulars of their purpose; she nobly resisted every effort to corrupt her integrity, by bribes; rejected with scorn offers of pardon; defied the impotence of malice to touch or warp an independent mind, boldly execrated the Emperor as a parricide, and the Romans as degenerate slaves, for submitting to so inhuman a monster.

During a long, a dreadful day, she endured without a word, and without a groan, every species of indignity and torment, which exas-

perated vengeance could invent; and as her mangled body was conveyed to prison, the Emperor, with a merciless assiduity, since practised by the inquisitions of Portugal and Spain, gave strict charge to prevent by medical aid, and all other possible means, the escape of life. Being brought forth the next morning, for the purpose of repeating the torture, this extraordinary woman, while the infernal preparations were making, found means to elude the vigilance of the officers, passed a girdle tightly round her neck, and the back of the seat, and slipping her feet from their resting place, was in this manner suspended, and soon strangled. The fortitude and resolution of Epicharis on this occasion, were the more remarkable, as the chief conspirators, men of high literary eminence, and proconsular dignity, senators, and magistrates, were basely endeavouring to make their peace with Nero, by abject submission, and unmanly, dishonourable confession; but were alike consigned to an untimely death; an impressive lesson against relying on the mercies of a tyrant.

ON DISSIPATION.

At a period when so many of our fashionable females are consuming their time, fortunes, and health, by living in a continual round of dissipation, a few observations on the impropriety of such a life cannot be unseasonable, and to some, perhaps, not wholly unprofitable. It is not to those already enslaved by pleasure, that this is addressed; they must, alas, have disregarded arguments advanced by much abler pens than mine: but it is my earnest wish to arrest the attention of those who are entering on a dissipated life, without reflecting on the baleful consequences which must unavoidably attend it; and the difficulty of breaking off improper connexions, when once (though, perhaps, at first inadvertently) formed. The numerous examples that daily present themselves, of youth and innocence sacrificed to an extravagant love of pleasure, must, to every considerate mind, be deeply affecting—to those more nearly interested, who have friends and relations pursuing so destructive a course, distressing in the extreme. How much were it to be wished, that every young person, fond of dress and gaiety, would seriously pause and consider, that their reason was given them for far nobler purposes, than wasting their time in such transient and frivolous enjoyments. Nothing is more common than to see those formed by nature for the highest intellectual employments, and endowed with qualifications for ornamenting the sphere in which they move, instead of improving the advantages they possess, give themselves up to a life of dissipation, which completely enervates the understanding, and renders them unfit for any other pursuit. I would not, however, be

understood by any one to be an enemy to pleasure; on the contrary, I am always an advocate for it, in moderation; and it only becomes censurable when indulged to an extravagant degree. If, after we have been engaged in amusement, we find ourselves inclined to return to serious pursuits, with unabated relish; if we feel no difficulty, or reluctance, in dismissing all light and frivolous thoughts, when more weighty ones ought to engross attention; then we may rest assured that our minds, so far from being injured, are improved by the relaxation we have enjoyed. Youth is the season for cheerfulness, to which dissipation is an insuperable obstacle; as, after days and nights passed in gaiety, the mind is as it were intoxicated, and we are incapable of finding any pleasure in less tumultuous scenes than those we have been engaged in—whereas, when we have been enjoying rational amusements, the inward satisfaction arising from a retrospect of our actions, will produce in us a constant serenity and cheerfulness.

THE ASS.

The generally received opinion that asses are stubborn and intractable animals, alike unmoved by harsh or affectionate usage, is in a great measure unfounded; as will appear from the following anecdote, related in Church's Cabinet of quadrupeds.

An old man, who a few years ago sold vegetables in London, used in his employment an ass, which conveyed his baskets from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor industrious creature a handful of hay, or some pieces of bread, or greens, by way of a refreshment and reward. The old man had no need of any goad for the animal, and seldom indeed had he to lift up his hand to drive it on. His kind treatment was one day remarked to him, and he was asked whether his beast were apt to be stubborn? "Ah! master," replied he, "It is of no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain; for he is ready to do any thing, and go any where. I bred him myself. He is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me; you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, attempting in vain vain to stop him; yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom.

ON LIBERTY.

What a high value ought we to set on liberty, since without it, nothing great, or suitable to the dignity of human nature, can possibly be produced! Slavery is the fetter of the tongue, the chain of the mind, as well as of the body; it embitters life, sours and corrupts the passions, damps the towering faculties implanted within us, and stifles in the birth, the seeds of every thing that is amiable, generous, and noble. Reason and freedom are our own, and given to continue

so; we are to use, but cannot resign them without rebelling against Him who gave them.

Alphonso, king of Spain, used to say that he knew only one happy married pair in his dominions—the man was *deaf*, and the woman *blind*.

MEDITATIONS ON A PUDDING.

By Dr. Johnson,

In playful fancy, ridiculing Harvey's Meditations.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is composed. It is composed of flour, that once waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews of the morning—of milk, pressed from the swelling udder, by the gentle hand of the beauteous milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught: who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, and formed no plans for the destruction of our fellow-creatures.—Milk, which is drawn from the cow, the useful animal that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind, in the age which the poets have agreed to call Golden.

It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature, which the theoretical Burnet has compared to creation; an egg contains water within its beautiful smooth surface, and an unformed mass, which, by the incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers.

Let us consider—can there be more wanting to complete this meditation on a pudding—if more is wanting, more may be found. It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction; salt, which is made the image of intellectual essence, contributes to the formation of a pudding.

It was a matter of serious complaint against an eminent tallow-chandler in N——u street that after his candles were burned down to the middle, not one of them would burn any longer. He was at first grievously enraged at what he deemed a gross falsehood; but the same evening he tried the experiment at home, and found it to be a fact, "that when burned to the middle, neither candle would burn *any longer*."

A young lady of beauty and fashion tripping gaily into a library in the city, said to a young man behind the counter, "Sir, I want some excellent and interesting new novel—pray have you "Man as *he is?*" "No, madam," replied the other, with a half-checked smile, but I have "Woman as she *should be.*"

The swearer Reproved.

Two gentlemen having called at a public house, and drank a bot-

tle together; when about to part, both insisted on paying. One put a piece of money on the table, and swore dreadfully that his friend should be at no expense; the other jocularly said, "that piece of money is a bad one," on which he swore still worse. The master of the house hearing what passed, said if they would allow him to examine the money, he would tell them whether or not it was good. Returning soon after, he in the most polite manner, laid the money before them on a card, written as follows:

A FRIENDLY HINT.

It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme,
Rudely appeal'd to, on each trifling theme:
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To swear, is neither brave, polite, nor wise:
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect! your Maker *now* could stop your breath.

ENIGMA.

Q. I am; no, hold, I am not; the moment I say I am, I am not?

A. Silent.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

A FRAGMENT.

The sun had just ceased to illuminate the tops of those majestic mountains, whose hoary ridges are inaccessible to human steps, when Leander entered the vale which led to the beautiful little village of ———. Rich autumn had crowned with mellow teints, the fertile prospect, and promised to reward the toils of the industrious husbandman with the most ample produce. Struck with the rich variety of the surrounding country, he gave wing to the imagination, and indulged a train of reflections on the happiness and comforts of a peasant, who could live free from those dreadful anxieties which torture the breasts of the thousands who are every moment trembling for their property, lest the imperious mandate of some petty tyrant should invade the natural privileges of mankind, and usurp their little all.

Leander had a heart attuned to the miseries of human nature. He contemplated, in idea, this truly degrading caricature with the most pungent sensations, till the sight of a village labourer, returning from his daily toil, recalled his attention to the more pleasing contrast. The old man's features glowed with cheerfulness and health, and indicated the utmost composure of mind, as he amused himself, and gave a turn to the general silence, with his evening song. Leander pictured to himself the partner of his little cares anxiously awaiting his return, whilst her endearing affection decked the oaken utensil with her choicest cates—hard fare, perhaps, but simply luxuriant. Their little ones, lost in the sweet oblivion of sleep,

whose innocent and ruddy complexions bespoke them uncontaminated with the infantine vices of the metropolis, afforded the fond parents the most exquisite delight; all was harmony and tranquility.

But, ah! my friend, little dost thou know the sorrows which at this moment agonize the bosoms of the inhabitants of his cottage. Ere he had well reached the door of his humble dwelling, he was accosted with "Ah! master, for pity's sake relieve the distresses of a poor unfortunate soldier, who has travelled these three days without bread, save the remnant of a loaf, which the charity of an unprotected widow supplied me with."—The poor mendicant at the same time earnestly soliciting a night's lodging. Misfortune seemed to have anticipated the furrows of age, and his faltering voice bespoke the feelings of a troubled mind. One arm was slung through an old silk kerchief, whilst a ragged pair of trowsers half concealed his necessary appendage—a wooden leg. The good old villager, whose compassion to the unfortunate, on recollecting the widow's mite, I would say charity, was well known, and to whom misfortune was at all times a sufficient recommendation, readily invited him to partake of such cheer as his cot afforded. But what were the agitations of the whole family, when the old man's daughter recognized in the person of the stranger, the altered features of her husband, the father of her children. "It is! oh! it is my William!"

Reader, has thou ever tasted the rapturous sensations which arise from a happy union of mutual love, or peradventure, thou hast felt the pangs which rend the heart when separation has robbed thee of the object of thy affections; if thou hast expe ienced these, thine own heart can best inform thee what had passed in the bosom of Mary, as she gazed on the mutilated limbs of him whom she had erst enjoyed so much happiness. Surprise rivetted attention, while he related the various sieges he had witnessed, and the heroic acts he performed in the field, where the enemy s cannon deprived him of two of his limbs. The dreadful idea quite overpowered her, and she sunk into the arms of of her astonished parent.****

THEATRICAL INSOLENCE.

THE unbecoming conduct of those individuals who, supported by public patronage, frequently treat their benefactors with rudeness and insult, hath been often remarked, and severely censured in this publication; an instance of this species of ingratitude, which took place at Athens, is recorded by a Greek historian.

A tragedy having been announced for public representation, the Athenians, on the day appointed, assembled in crowds; but just as the piece should have commenced,

a popular actor, who, according to the custom of that age, was to have played a principal female part, refused to act, unless he was immediately furnished with a more splendid dress, and a greater train of attendants.

The insolent upstart was told, that if he had communicated his wishes at an earlier period of the business, they should certainly have been complied with, but that his expecting a new dress, and additional attendants, at a moment when the people were impatiently expecting the tragedy to begin, was inconsistent and absurd. The player obstinately persisted in his resolution, not to act unless his terms were complied with; the delay, altercation, and confusion, exasperated the manager so much, that he forcibly pushed the stubborn blockhead on the stage, at the same time observing to him, in an audible voice, "How can you be so ridiculous, as to wish to make a parade and shew, when you see among the audience, the wife of Phocion, the greatest of our commanders, the plainest drest of all the audience, and attended only by a single slave.

This well-timed reproof excited a loud and universal applause; the corrected offender, who deserved to have been hissed from the theatre, felt he was wrong, apologized for his preposterous conduct, and immediately performed his part. *Emerald.*

To a young lady, who married a very Old Man.

Since thou wouldst need, bewitch'd with some ill charms,
Be buried in those monumental arms;
All we can wish, is, may the earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs; and so good night.

---

*To Mary-Ann, With kisses.**

Can there than I a happier be?
How envied must I live!
When I, O exstacy, to thee
Kisses unnumber'd give!
But where can I find words t' express
The fulness of my bliss,
When even you, yourself, confess,
That sweet is every kiss?

* A sort of sweetmeat, made of barley-sugar.

Translated from the Irish.

Saint Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together;
Then gently breath'd upon the pyre,
When ev'ry fragment blazed on fire.
Oh! if the saint had been so kind
As to have left the gift behind,
To such a love-lorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free;—
I'd be content—content with part—
I'd only ask to thaw the heart
(The frozen heart) of Polly Roe,
With eyes of blue and breast of snow.

IMPORTANT TO PARENTS.

Blackberry syrup. The present not only being a seasonable time to prepare this valuable medicine, but to recommend its usefulness, particularly amongst children af-

flicted with bowel complaints—a feeling mother offers the following receipt for the public benefit..... "Take the fruit before very ripe, extract the juice, and to each qt. add one pound of white sugar, skim and boil it about half an hour. When cool enough to bottle add a small teacup full of brandy. From one to four table spoons full may be taken frequently, as age and circumstances require. *Phil. pap.*

Correspondence.

Owing to the political sentiments expressed in Acasto's communication, we cannot give it publicity. We have refused this privilege to some of our worthiest correspondents, even when the opinions they advanced were in coincidence with our own.

The criticism upon Gulielmus is certainly the production of a reputable pen, and to the general scope of the remarks on allegory we cannot refuse our acquiesence. But we fear that some of our readers will think the writer reprehensibly satyrical, that at least he has indulged himself in two or three merry sentences which might very well have been spared, and that he has in reality left much of the merit of the piece on which he has animadverted "uneulogized."—On these points, perhaps, our censor cannot easily be defended. Few compositions are so exact as to be completely unassailable by an ingenious critic: were Gulielmus to subject the piece of his scrutinist to a rigid examen, he would not be long in making discovery of exceptionable matter. We solicit a continuance of his correspondence; let him devote what moments are redeemable from his other pursuits to the cultivation of taste, and occasionally illume our columns with the offspring of his literary exercises.

Deaths in this city, during the last week—viz. men 10, women 8, boys 13, girls 13.—Total 44.

.....

Deaths in Philadelphia, during the week ending on Saturday last, 69—Of these, 22 children died of the cholera-morbus.

MARRIED,

On the 20th inst. by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Samuel M. Lockwood, merchant, of Albany, to Miss Mary Doughty, daughter of Mr. Samuel Doughty, of this city.

At Jamaica, L. I. on the 21st inst. Mr. Benjamin Wright, merchant, of this city, to Miss Martha Harriman, of the former place.

DIED,

On Sunday, Mrs. Sarah Marschalk, wife of capt John Marschalk.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.

Letters, *post paid*, enclosing the amt. will be strictly attended to.

Printed & Published by John Clough,
No 46, Fair-street.

AN ENIGMA.

AS Phœbus with his golden beams
Does melt the scatter'd snow,
Dissolves the late congenial streams,
And makes the waters flow :

So I dissolve the tender heart,
And melt the humble breast :
I do kind charity impart,
To all that are distress'd.

When raging seas the vessel dash
Towards the bending skies ;
While thunders roar and lightnings flash
I gaze with swimming eyes,

Or when grim death with fury flies
The parent's life to take,
I on the orphan cast mine eyes,
And ne er can him forsake.

I in afflictions bear a part ;
I'm of the mournful train ;
May I dear Emma ! grace thy heart,
And ever thine remain.

M——

THE ANSWER.

SOFT as the brightest beam of heav'n,
When winter's snows the earth invest,
Is *Pity* when its power is given
To soothe the sighs of Sorrow's breast.

'Tis *Pity* melts the throbbing breast,
" When bleeding nature droops to die ;"
When friend from friend is doom'd to part,
'Tis *Pity*'s tear that gems the eye.

When orphan'd innocence is seen,
Unhou'sd amid the awful storm,
Pity with kindred soul serene,
Protects the trembling infant's form.

Oh ! then be pity ever mine,
The softest feeling God has given
To prompt to deeds almost divine,
And make on earth a little heaven !

M. L.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

HORACE, Ode 13th, Book 1, To Lydia

The Poet describes his own jealousy.

" *Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi.*"

TRANSLATION.

WHEN lovely Telephus you praise,
With rosy neck and waxen arms,
Then, Lydia, ah ! my passions raise,
And bitter wrath my bosom warms ;

Then from my mind all firmness flies,
My colour oft with anger turns ;
The tear that glistens in my eyes,
Show how the flame within me burns.

If from some youth indulged in wine,
Your snow-white arm receive a blow,
If his teeth mark those lips of thine,
Then 'tis with furious rage I glow.

If your attention I have found,
This fond advice forever keep—
Cruel is he that kiss to wound
Which Venus did in nectar steep.

Happy, thrice happy is that pair
For whom love twines a myrtle wreath,
Whose kindred souls devoid of care,
Are bound in union until death.

Aratus.